

were loyal fans and alums of the institution he represented were due respect as well. It was the way he treated everyone, whether a big booster of the university's athletics program during a golf game or a kid on a playground. Everyone got time, and everyone got a smile.

His way, and his skills, he shared generously. Said one high school coach, exiting a Smith-taught clinic for coaches: "What that man knows . . ."

Make no mistake. He was a ferocious competitor, and he hated to lose. But he won well. Oft-cited in his obituaries was his reaction to his team's victory in the 1982 national championship against Georgetown. It was an emotional, hard-fought and close game. But when UNC won, Smith's first move was to hug John Thompson, the Georgetown coach. Class, all the commentators said.

Yes, but that was simply the man. When coaches against whom Smith had competed got into trouble or needed help in finding another position, he would make the calls himself to other schools, and his blessing was gold. A seeming multitude of his former players became coaches themselves.

But they also became teachers and doctors and principals and successful people in work and in life. Dean Smith took great pleasure in that, primarily in their happiness. Always he would be "the coach." Always he was first the man, and the friend.

GRANTLAND: DEAN SMITH, 1931–2015

(By Charles P. Pierce, Feb. 9, 2015)

One year, when the Final Four was being held in Atlanta and it coincided, as it occasionally does, with Easter, my family and I went to services at the Ebenezer Baptist Church—the new one, across the street from the imposing place in which both Reverend Martin Luther Kings once preached, and in which Alberta Williams King, the wife of Martin Sr. and the mother of Martin Jr., was shot to death while playing the organ in 1974. The old church, still majestic, is now a National Historic Site. After the services, we walked across the street and into the sanctuary. It was cool and dark. Very few people were there.

As part of the experience of the site, recordings of sermons from both Reverend Kings are played in the sanctuary. Looking around, we saw a solitary figure sitting far in the back, his elbows on his knees and his hands folded. His eyes were closed. And he was listening to the recordings with great intensity. It was Dean Smith. I left him alone with his thoughts. He'd earned his private moments in this sacred space.

Before discussing his career as one of the three greatest coaches in the history of college basketball, we must deal with one aspect of Smith's life that trumps all the championships, all the wins, all the losses, and all the great players who came his way. The fact is that, when this country was finally forced through blood and witness to confront the great moral crisis that grew out of its original sin, Smith was a winter soldier of the first rank.

His father integrated a high school team in Kansas in the early 1930s. Smith himself walked into a Chapel Hill restaurant as part of the first great wave of protests in the 1950s. He tried to recruit Lou Hudson, and then he did recruit Charlie Scott, blowing up the color line in the Atlantic Coast Conference forever. He brought Scott home to dinner, and he brought Scott to church, always the most segregated place in America, even, alas, today.

It's hard today to imagine what profound moral choices these were when Smith made them. It's hard today to imagine how easy it

would have been for him to make a different choice, to go along and get along. Smith would have been a great basketball coach if he'd gone along and gotten along. He might have won 879 games eventually, after other coaches had made the choices and changed the world. But he would not have been the man he was, and that makes all the difference today.

Smith died on Saturday. He had been ill a long time with a form of dementia, and that is a fight in which I happen to have a particularly nasty dog. I know from my own family's battles with this cruelest of all diseases, a disease that disappears the individual long before it kills the body, that the work of the kindest mercy is to become the memory that the person has lost. It is something atavistic in us, almost visceral, that awareness that the tribe needs to remember—and that the collective memory is always plural. We tell their stories, even to them, even while they are still alive, because we are their surviving memory, because the person already is lost.

So that is the memory I have of Dean Smith. That, one Easter morning, I saw him in a sacred place and that the air in the place was cool and solemn and as thick with history as the morning sunbeams were thick with dust. He was deep in the shadows, eyes closed, lost in his thoughts, listening to the powerful words of preachers long and sadly dead. I left him alone there and walked back out into the sunlight.

Let's talk about the coach for a moment, though, because that was the heart of his story, the thing that enabled the world to hear the rest of it. There is the undoubted excellence. There are the wins. And there is the incredible array of talent that ran through his North Carolina program. (In the World Tournament of Alumni, I'll take a five of James Worthy, Brad Daugherty, Vince Carter, Michael Jordan, and, what the hell, George Karl and go play anyone, except maybe John Wooden's boys from UCLA.) But one of the most remarkable things about it is that, except for two of the most monumental mistakes in the history of college basketball, Smith might have had the game's most obviously unfinished career. He won his first national title in 1982, when Georgetown's Fred Brown tossed the ball to Worthy as the Hoyas were after the last shot. He won his next one in 1993, when Michigan's Chris Webber had the mother of all vapor locks in the same situation. What it would have been like to have Smith retire without a national championship I have no idea—especially not in the win-or-die way we measure excellence these days—but it would have certainly been one of the greatest statistical anomalies of all time.

In style, Smith was the bench jockey's bench jockey. He rarely rose, but he chewed on officials with the best of them. (Wooden was very much the same, according to a lot of people who played against his teams.) In fact, Smith remains only the second head coach ever to be ejected from a Final Four game (Al McGuire was the first), when he was asked to absent himself from the Hoosier Dome late in a semifinal against Kansas in 1991. He was the most famous sneak-smoker prior to the arrival on the national scene of Barack Obama.

All of which brings me to another Dean Smith story. On March 28, 1977, which actually was a rainy night in Georgia, his Tar Heels were contending with McGuire's last Marquette team for a national championship. The Warriors had led by 12 at halftime, but they had frittered away that lead and North Carolina had caught them and tied the game. These were the days before the shot clock, children, and Smith had devised the four corners offense, which was essentially a

very elaborate game of keep-away. His point guard, Phil Ford, happened to be a master of it. With Marquette on the verge of collapse, Smith went into the stall, and he did so with star freshman forward Mike O'Koren on the bench. Astonished by Smith's move, McGuire had his team lay back in a zone, which allowed his players to catch their breath. Finally, with O'Koren at the scorer's table hopping desperately to get back in the game, a North Carolina sub named Bruce Buckley took the ball to the basket. Bo Ellis slapped the shot away, and you could feel the momentum shift back again like the works of a great iron clock. Marquette won. It was the best sports night of my life, and I sent Smith a Christmas card every year after for the next five years. Really, I did.

He was very much an eccentric in his own way, and had his best days before the game was so homogenized and commercialized that the eccentricity was bled out of it. He coached at the same time as Bob Knight at Indiana, and Abe Lemons at Texas, and McGuire at Marquette. It was a game for poets then, not for the slick salesmen of the modern era. Some of them were beat poets, and some of them wrote epics. I always thought of Smith as one of those all-American craftsmen-poets—Longfellow, maybe, or Edgar Lee Masters. His lines were always perfectly metered. Lord, how his game always rhymed.

As I grow older, I grow impatient with the impermanence of memory, with history now considered to be whatever came over your iPhone 15 minutes ago. It is inadequate to what we are. It truncates the collective memory, and that is never a good thing. We are each other's stories, all of us. We keep other stories alive so we can be assured that ours will stay alive too. That is the most devastating thing that happens with the disease that took Smith's life. If we're not very careful, and if we don't make sure to keep the memories we have that are lost to the person with the disease, it breaks that cycle of collective memory and we are all less for that. I learned that watching this disease invade my own family, and it is why I try so very hard to remember my father's voice, even though it's mainly lost to me now.

So remember Dean Smith however you wish—as a coach, as a teacher, as a reluctant celebrity, or as a friend. For me, I will remember him in the cool shadows of the sanctuary on a bright Easter morning, listening to the words of men long dead and gone. I remember him there now, for his sake and for my own. I remember him there in the small piece of a very sacred place that his life had earned.

TRIBUTE TO DEAN SMITH

HON. DAVID E. PRICE

OF NORTH CAROLINA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, February 13, 2015

Mr. PRICE of North Carolina. Mr. Speaker, I would like to submit the following article in my remembrance of Dean Smith.

CAROLINA ATHLETICS: THE STORIES ARE TRUE

(By Adam Lucas, 2-8-15)

I have been sitting here staring at this screen for 30 minutes. And what I have finally decided I want you to know the most about Dean Smith is this: it's true.

In the next few hours and days, as the tributes to the legendary man pour in, you are going to hear all of the incredible stories again. Some you may hear for the first time. Some you may hear for the hundredth time.

These stories are true, and you should remember all of them, because now it's our job to pass them down. Don't embellish them. They don't need it. They are good enough with just the facts.

You will hear basketball stories. You will hear former players talk about how Smith would tell them exactly what was going to happen in a game. He would tell them what the opponent would do, how the Tar Heels would react, and how the opponent would react to that reaction. Then it would happen, all of it, just as he described.

These stories are true. We know this because we sat in Carmichael in 1974 when his team came back from eight points in 17 seconds against Duke with no three-point line. I just told that story to my children on Saturday night when we drove home from the airport after returning from the win at Boston College. My nine-year-old son was talking about a crazy NBA comeback he'd read about.

"Do you know," I said, "that Carolina came back from eight points down in 17 seconds with no three-point line?"

"Whoa," said my daughter. "Is that true?" It is true.

Those of us of a different generation than the Carmichael crowd were in the Smith Center when Smith's simple act of calling a timeout so shook a top-20 opponent that they meekly crumbled. I will forever believe that's what happened when Smith took a timeout after Henrik Rodl made a three-pointer against Florida State with less than ten minutes left on the clock in 1993. Rodl's three-pointer had cut the FSU lead to 17 points, 17 points!

It didn't matter. All that mattered was that the Florida State players and coaches knew Smith thought a comeback was possible, or else he wouldn't burn one of his precious timeouts. And if Smith thought a comeback was possible, then it was possible, and he's done this before, you know, and uh oh, there went another turnover, and it's getting kind of loud in here, and pretty soon Carolina had an 82-77 win.

That was true. That happened. Dean Smith called a timeout, and Florida State wilted.

And yet despite all those wins, we know exactly how uncomfortable Smith was with celebrating any of them. I can report, with authority, that with much cajoling from his players, he once did the "raise the roof" gesture after his Tar Heels won the 1997 ACC Tournament championship, and then again after earning a spot in the Final Four. It was the mid-1990's. Everyone made mistakes.

Otherwise, however, the man who never looked flustered on the sideline looked completely awkward in victory. He would almost apologetically shake the other coach's hand. If it happened to be an ACC or NCAA championship, he would try to disappear while the nets were being cut, so unwilling was he to climb the ladder and be the focal point of the fans and players.

Most of the time, those of us in the stands would chant, "Dean! Dean! Dean!" when he was finally persuaded to cut the final snippet. It seems a little disrespectful now. But it was the 1980s and 1990s. All of us made mistakes.

It didn't really matter, because he would act like he didn't hear us. With scissors in hand, before cutting the first strand, he would point to every manager, player and assistant coach he could find.

That was true. That happened after every championship, and there were a lot of them.

There are also those who will tell you those championships are completely insignificant. Funny thing about the people who most often say that: they are invariably the ones who knew him best, the ones who most understood his true character.

"I can't put his impact on me into words," Phil Ford said of Smith. "I don't know where I'd be without him in my life. He's been such an influence on me, and a friend and a brother and a father figure . . . Before I chose North Carolina, I felt that Coach Smith would be there for me my entire life. I was right."

Imagine that. A 17-year-old boy felt Dean Smith would be there for him for his entire life, and 40 years later, he still believes it. Wouldn't you like to have one person say that about you in your life? Dean Smith has—this is not an exaggeration—hundreds.

"All of that is credited to him," Michael Jordan once said of his career. "It never would have happened without Coach Smith."

These quotes mean a lot to us because they are from Phil Ford and Michael Jordan. But what Smith knew, and what he made every one of his players feel, is that the number of points they scored for him made absolutely no difference. My father and I had a joke in the mid-1990s. Carolina had a player named Pat Sullivan who was not at all flashy. At various times, he played on teams with George Lynch and Eric Montross and Rasheed Wallace and Jerry Stackhouse, much better-known players who were prone to occasionally doing the spectacular.

It never, ever failed: Stackhouse could have had the most ferocious dunk of the season and Wallace could have thrown down an absurd alley-oop and Montross could have had a double-double and Lynch could have had the game-winning steal. Then, in the car on the way home, we would turn on the Tar Heel Sports Network to hear Smith's postgame comments and seemingly every time, they would start with, "Well, Pat had a good game," because he had set a screen to free a teammate for an open shot that the teammate missed.

That happened. Pat had good games. Dean Smith talked about it. At the time, we laughed, and yet 20 years later, we still remember it.

This seems like the right time to point out that without ever really knowing he was doing it, Dean Smith gave all of us some of the best moments of our lives with the most important people in our lives. It doesn't matter whether you attended every game in the Smith era or whether you watched every game on television. Because of the way Smith did it, and for how long he did it, we could relate through generations.

We cried in the living room (I did that, after Louisville beat Carolina in 1986 in the NCAA Tournament) and we danced around that same living room (my dad and I did that, after Rick Fox hit the shot against Oklahoma in 1990) and we high-fived in the stands.

That's what we did in 1993 in the Louisiana Superdome. My dad is an accountant and therefore spends most of March and April at the office. But when Carolina made the Final Four, he would find a way to get to the game. In 1993, he waited until the Tar Heels defeated Kansas in the national semifinals. He stayed at work two more days, then caught a flight with two connections from Raleigh to New Orleans. He slid into his seat minutes before the national championship game tipped off against Michigan, and so I can say that I watched Carolina win the national title with my dad.

We went to Bourbon Street after the game, because that's what everyone told us you were supposed to do, and so there we were—perhaps the two least Bourbon Street-ish people in all of New Orleans, including one CPA with a pile of unfinished tax returns on his desk back in Raleigh—high fiving the Tar Heel players and taunting Dick Vitale (who had picked Michigan to win the game), and we did all of that because of Dean Smith.

Without Dean Smith and Carolina basketball, I assume and hope we would have found something else to talk about and live together. But because of Dean Smith and Carolina basketball, I never have to know for sure if that's true. The people we cheered and laughed with on all those incredible days are the people we cry with—if we're lucky—today. I told my father the news this morning. Later, he texted me this:

"I am very, very sorry. It is really very sad. He was a large part of our family for many, many years and many, many fun times. We had a lot of good times and he was always there. It doesn't seem possible to me. It seems like he and the good times ought to last forever."

And so that is why this news will be devastating to so many of us, because there are so many families who this morning will be texting and thinking those exact same words. We aren't ready for it to end.

About a year ago, I was at the Smith Center on a typical weekday afternoon. A customized van was parked in the first parking space outside the basketball office, and I knew. As I walked into the basketball office, Dean Smith came out, being pushed in a wheelchair, a Carolina hat on his head.

It was awful, and it makes my eyes moisten even now to think about it. It was not at all the way I wanted to think about him. And I would like to admit something to you now: from then on, when I saw that van, I would sometimes take a different path into the building, because I wanted my Dean Smith to be the one I remembered. I wanted my Dean Smith to be the one who I mentioned my daughter's name to on exactly one occasion, and six months later when passing me in the parking lot, he recalled it perfectly and asked how she was doing.

That's my Dean Smith and I wanted that to be everyone's Dean Smith. I don't want today's students to think of him as old or sick. Understand this: this man could do anything. This man could coach and this man could help integrate a town or a league and this man changed the lives of hundreds of teenagers who played for him plus thousands of the rest of us who lived vicariously through their exploits.

It still boggles my mind that so many Carolina fans in 2015 don't even remember the era when Smith was on the sideline. He's as much a name on a building as a coach to current UNC students. It's been hard enough living in a basketball world without Dean Smith in it. Now we have to consider living in an overall world without Dean Smith in it.

I don't want to be part of that world. And luckily, I don't have to. On Monday, I will pack my son's lunch, and I will write a Dean Smith quote on the napkin. I don't know yet which one it will be, but I know that when I see him on Monday afternoon, I will ask him about it, and we will talk, and Dean Smith will be the one who enabled that to happen.

That's true. That will happen. And it will keep happening, and we are the ones who get to do it. I guess that pretty soon I will feel lucky for having these experiences and getting the opportunity to cheer for him and learn from him and admire him.

But right now I really think I want to sit down and have a good cry.

RECOGNIZING MR. RAY
GREENBERG

HON. MICHAEL G. FITZPATRICK

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, February 13, 2015

Mr. FITZPATRICK. Mr. Speaker, today I wish to extend my congratulations to Ray